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THE ARRAIGNMENT
OF PARIS
1584

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1910

This reprint of the *Arraignment of Paris* has been prepared by Harold H. Child and checked by the General Editor.

July 1910.

W. W. Greg.

No entry of the *Arraignement of Paris* has yet been found in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, nor is any record of the play known previous to the issue of the quarto by Henry Marsh in 1584. From the title-page of this we learn that it had been performed before the Queen by the Children of the Chapel, who had in fact acted at court on 6 January and 2 February 1583/4, as recorded in the Pipe Rolls.

As to the authorship we are fortunate in possessing quite first-rate testimony. Thomas Nashe, in his address 'To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities' prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, in the course of commending various English poets mentions Mathew Roydon, Thomas Atchelowe, and George Peele, adding (1589, sig. A2^v): '& for the last, thogh not the least of them all, I dare commend him to all that know him, as the chiefe supporter of pleasance nowe liuing, the *Atlas* of Poetrie, & *primus verborum Artifex*: whose first encrease, the *Arraignement of Paris*, might plead to your opinions, his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold varietie of inuention; wherein (*me iudice*) hee goeth a step beyond all that write.' This evidence is, moreover, supported by that of *England's Helicon*. In that collection ll. 584-99 of our play appear with the heading 'Colin the enamoured Sheepeheard, singeth this passion of loue' and the signature 'Geo. Peele' (1600, sig. 2B4; ed. Bullen, p. 251), while immediately following, and above the same signature, are found ll. 666-77 with the heading 'Oenones complaint in blanke verse'. The *Helicon* versions present the following variants: l. 598 'to ease', l. 666 'Melpomene', l. 670 'This', l. 674 'fortunes', l. 675 'And then'.

The quarto is printed in roman type of a body approximately equal to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). The press-work is not good, with the result that doubtful letters rather frequently occur. One copy is preserved in the British Museum, another among Capell's books at Trinity College, Cambridge. The latter has an uncorrected outer forme in sheet A, and an uncorrected inner forme in E, while the former has an uncorrected inner (and possibly also outer) forme in B. The variants will be found in the list. These two copies have been collated throughout.

The division of scenes in the quarto is by no means consistent, nor are they always correctly marked. The arrangement of acts and scenes adopted in the edition of Peele's works by A. H. Bullen has therefore been added in the margin.

LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

10	racet	178	c.w. <i>The</i> (179 <i>An</i>)
15	T'appeaz e (?)	182	<i>Ida</i> (o <i>Ida</i> T.C.C.)
24	<i>Atrops</i>	187	bring.
31	(no catchword)	191	<i>The</i> (Then?)
61	had the (<i>the t doubtful in</i> B.M.; had the T.C.C.)		rouude . . . muft muft
69	felfe (felfe)	206	thee (the)
96	That (that T.C.C.)	246	haue, (haue power)
102	(om. sig. T.C.C.)	251	pleafunt
107	<i>Iono</i>	265	denyed.
110	fpring. (<i>period doubtful</i>)	278	<i>Phorcias</i> (<i>Phorcus</i> or <i>Phorcys</i>)
118	Oxtips (Oxflips)	279	Thattangled
129	blue.	282	cunnig
140	c.w. A dain- (141 <i>Sil.</i> A deintie)	307	With
161	Hitherward	313	Oenone. (<i>superfluous</i>)
162	Siluan	317	for (<i>fore</i> B.M.)
163	marche, (<i>comma doubtful</i>)	348	nympe
171	assemblie, (<i>the i doubtful</i>)	360	Alouely
		391	c.w. <i>They</i> (392 <i>The</i>)

392 *Pulcherrimæ.* (*Pulcherrimæ.*
 B.M.)
 397 giuen (giue B.M.)
 402 w yfe (?)
 407 bautye,
 429 c.w. and (And)
 430 hate (*i. e.* ha't)
 439 me not at (me at)
 466 this (thie B.M.)
 471 They (Thou)
 474 prize. (*the r doubtful*)
 492 fett
 500 vvorthines, (*apparently a*
 period in B.M.)
 505 pallas
 518 hate (*i. e.* ha't)
 536 *shee*
 541 *daconforto* (?)
 547 *Cble*
 553 wrape
 563 bee.
 565 whose
 566 *guieth . . . venus.*
 573 *paris*
 575 wherein
 578 well . . . leyfe
 580 *Act.* (581 *ACT.*)
 607 sheepeheed
 609 cheerifhethher
 (*cheerifheth their?*)
 628 beguide
 630 *popular*
 644 wrap
 651 she hath (*a wide space be-*
 tween)
 666 *Melponie,*
 683 awarie.
 687 why
 or (O?)
 688 does (*the e doubtful*)
 695 *Mer.* (superfluous)
 703 whon
 708 ypeirceft
 710 *plaine,*
 722 were (nere?)
 monte (wonte)

727 *V* (*IV*)
 732 verfe.
 737 *Manent.*
 762 cupids
 768 ofloue
 769 right : (right.)
 770 vvell (*Ven.* Well)
 774 *Theftis*
 780 *died.* (*died,*)
 died. (period doubtful)
 787 *he*
 788 *Theftis,*
 789 his (hers?)
 791 *effects* (*affects?*)
 792 *onge.* (*Songe.*)
 798 *Shep* (*Shep.*)
 800 *creull*
 810 (*belongs after l. 813?*)
 814 Louely
 818 *VI.* (*V.*)
 821 c.w. yf (*Yf*)
 823 sweete (*the t doubtful*)
 848 vulcan
 851 *Ioue,* (comma doubtful)
 857 *P r* (*Par.*)
 859 *Explicit.* (*Explicit the t*
 doubtful)
 c.w. *Vulcan* (*ACT.*)
 862 be (*the e damaged*)
 873 apples (apes)
 880 faves, a,
 884 Ifayth (?)
 886 roundy laies,
 912 vnder
 915 *Inno,*
 927 c.w. Him- (928 Him selfe,)
 935 *Iou.* (*i. e.* *Ioue* for *Iup.*)
 975 voyde
 maintaine. (*second i*
 doubtful)
 994 My thought
 1010 repent (*second e doubtful*)
 1019 pardoned,
 1042 *speakeeb.*
 1057 you
 1062 defence.

1077 c.w. Go (1078 Goe)	1173 cunning
1088 indgment:	1179 <i>explicit.</i> •
1106 thoughtly (second t	1184 afwell
doubtful, possibly r:	1188 of (or)
• read throughly) •	1190 (no catchword)
1111 with. (?)	1193 prize.
1115 c.w. <i>Venus</i> (<i>Iup. Venus</i>)	1205 abide. (<i>the i doubtful</i>)
1116 toe. (<i>i. e. too</i>)	1244 honour
1117 <i>Vulc</i>	1248 mine.
1121 <i>Mar</i>	1289 <i>Phæbus</i> (<i>Phæbes</i>)
1127 to to	1301 weaue
1132 <i>Ioue.</i>	1303 c.w. <i>The</i> (<i>The</i>)
1141 facred powre	1306 followeth:
(facredpowre <i>T.C.C.</i>)	1332 <i>Elizaas</i>
1145 holly	1336 <i>Atrops</i>

On D 3^v the headline is misprinted 'The Arayngment', on C 3 the period is omitted, on D 3 and E 3 'of' appears as 'Of'. The anomalous use of 'v' medially is not uncommon. Where a long line is divided between two or more speakers, the later portions often begin with lower-case letters. No attempt has been made to correct the doubtful Latin of certain stage directions. Further textual conjectures will be found in Bullen's edition of Peele.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

(in order of entrance)

ATE.	DIGON.
PAN.	THENOT.
FAUNUS.	MERCURY.
SILVANUS.	THESTYLIS.
POMONA.	VULCAN.
FLORA.	a Nymph of Diana.
the Muses.	BACCHUS.
PALLAS.	PLUTO.
JUNO.	JUPITER.
VENUS.	APOLLO.
RHANIS.	SATURN.
PARIS.	MARS.
OENONE.	DIANA.
HELEN.	CLOTHO.
COLIN.	LACHESIS.
HOBINOL.	ATROPOS.

Knights, Cupids, Cyclops, Nymphs, a Churl.

The Araynement of Paris
A PASTORALL.

Presented before the Queenes
Maiestie, by the Children
of her Chappell.



Imprinted at London by
Henrie Marsh.

ANNO. 1584.

THE ARAIGNEMENT OF PARIS.

Ate Prologus.



Ondemned soule Ate, from lowest hell,
And deadlie riuers of the infernall loue,
Where bloudles ghostes in paines of endles date
Fill ruthles eares with neuer ceasing cries,
Beholde I come in place, and bring beside
The bane of *Troie*: beholde the fatall frute
Raught from the golden tree of *Proserpine*.
Proude *Troy* must fall, so bidde the gods aboute,

And statelie *Iliums* loftie towers be racer
By conquering handes of the victorious foe:
King *Priams* pallace waste with flaming fire,
Whose thicke and foggie smoake peircing the skie,
Must serue for messenger of sacrifice
T'appeaze the anger of the angrie heauens.
And *Priams* younger sonne, the sheepeherde swaine,
Paris th'unhappie organ of the *Greekes*.
So loath and weerie of her heauie load
The *Earth* complaynes vnto the hellish prince,
Surcharged with the burden that she will sustaine.
Th'unpartiall daughters of Necessitie
Bin aydes in her fute: and so the twine
That holdes olde *Priams* house, the threede of *Troie*
Dame *Atrops* with knife in sunder cuttes.
Done be the pleasure of the powers aboute,
Whose hestes men must obey: and I my parte
Pertorme in *Ida vales*: Lordinges adieu,
Imposing silence for your taske, I ende,
Till iust assemblie of the goddes
Make me beginne the Tragedie of *Troie*.


Exit Ate cum aereo pommo.

The Araygnement

ACT. I. SCENA I.

Pan, Faunus, and Siluanus with their attendants enter to giue welcome to the goddesses: Pans sheepeherd hath a lambe, Faunus hunter hath a faune, Siluanus woodman with an oken bowe laden with acornes.

Pan incipit.

Pan.  *ILVANVS*, either *Flora* doth vs wronge,
Or *Faunus* made vs tarrie all to longe,
For by this morning mirth it shoulde appeere,
The *Muses* or the goddesses be neere.
Faun. My faune was nimble, *Pan*, and whipt apace,
Twas happie that we caught him vp at last,

The farrest fairest fawne in all the chace,
I wonder how the knaue could skip so fast.

Pan. And I haue brought a twagger for the nonce,
A bunting lambe: nay, pray you feele no bones.
Beleeue me now, my cunning much I misse,
It euer *Pan* felt fatter lambe then this.

Sil. Sirs, you may boast your flockes & herdes that bin both fresh & faire,
Yet hath *Siluanus* walkes ywis that stand in holosome ayre:
And loe the honor of the woodes, the gallant Oken-bowe,
Do I bestowe laden with Acornes & with mast enough. (herdes & al,

Pan. Peace man for shame, shalt haue both lambes & dames & flockes and
And all my pipes to make the glee, we meete not now to brawle.

Faun. There is no such matter, *Pan*, we are all friendes assembled hether,
To bid Queene *Iuno* and her pheeres most humble welcome hether.
Diana with esse of our woodes, her presence will not want,
Her curtesie to all her friendes we wot is nothing skant.

ACT. I. SCENA II.

Pomona enter-eth with her fruite. Manentibus Pan cum reliquis.

Pom. Yee *Pan*, no farther yet, & had the starte of me,
Why then *Pomona* with her fruite comestime enough I see:
Come on a while, with countrie store like friendes we venter forth,
Thinkest *Faunus* that these goddesses will take our giftes in woorth.
Faun. Yea doubtles, for shall tell thee dame, twere better giue a thing,
A signe of loue, vnto a mightie person, or a king:

Then

The Araynement of Paris
A PASTORALL.

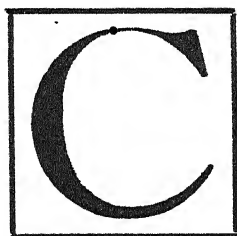
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Fill ruthles eares with neuer ceasing cries,
Beholde I come in place, and bring beside
The bane of *Troie*: beholde the fatall frute
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Performe in *Ida vales*: Lordinges adieu,
Imposing silence for your taske, I ende,
Till iust assemblie of the goddes
Make me beginne the Tragedie of *Troie*.

10

20

30

Exit Ate cum aureo pomo.

Aij.

The Araygnement

ACT. I. SCENA I.

Act I
sc. i

Pan, Faunus, and Siluanus with their attendants enter to giue welcome to the goddeffes: Pansheepeherd hath a lambe, Faunus hunter hath a faune, Siluanus woodman with an oken bowe laden with acornes.

Pan incipit.

- Pan.* **S**ILVANVS, either *Flora* doth vs wronge,
Or *Faunus* made vs tarrie all to longe,
For by this morning mirth it shoulde appeere,
The *Muses* or the goddeffes be neere. 40
- Faun.* My faune was nimble, *Pan*, and whipt apace,
Twas happie that we caught him vp at last,
The fattest fairest fawne in all the chace,
I wonder how the knaue could skip so fast.
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A bunting lambe: nay, pray you feele no bones.
Beleeue me now, my cunning much I misse,
If euer *Pan* felt fatter lambe then this.
- Sil.* Sirs, you may boast your flockes & herdes that bin both fresh & faire,
Yet hath *Siluanus* walkes ywis that stand in holsome ayre: 50
And loe the honor of the woodes, the gallant Oken-bowe,
Do I bestowe laden with Acornes & with maft enough. (herdes & al,
- Pan.* Peace man for shame, shalt haue both lambes & dames & flockes and
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To bid Queene *Iuno* and her pheeres most humblie welcome hether.
Diana mistresse of our woodes, her preface will not want,
Her curtesie to all her friendes we wot is nothing skant.

ACT. I. SCENA II.

Pomona entereth with her fruite. Manentibus Pan cum reliquis. 60

- Pom.* Yee *Pan*, no farther yet, & had the starte of me,
Why then *Pomona* with her fruite comes time enough I see:
Come on a while, with countrie store like friendes we venter forth,
Thinkest Faunus that these goddeffes will take our giftes in woorth.
- Faun.* Yea doubtles, for shall tell thee dame, twere better giue a thing,
A signe of loue, vnto a mightie person, or a king:

Then

of Paris.

Then, to a rude and barbarous fwayne but bad and baselie borne,
 For gentlie takes the gentleman that oft the clowne will fcorne.
Pan. Saist trulie *Faunus*, I my selfe haue giuen good tidie lambes,
 To *Mercurie* may saie to thee, to *Phæbus* and to *Ioue*: 70
 When to a countrie mops forsooth, chaue offred all their dames,
 And pypt and prayed for little worth and raunged about the groue.
Pom. God *Pan* that makes your flocke so thin, & makes you looke so leane,
 To kisse in corners. *Pan.* wel-fed wēch some other thing you meane.
Pom. Yea iest it out till it goe alone, but maruell where we myffe
 Faire *Flora* all this merrie morne. *Faun.* some newes, see where she is.

ACT. I. SCENA. III.

Flora entereth to the countrie gods.

Pan. *Flora* well met, and for thy taken payne,
 Poore countrie gods thy debtors we remaine. 80
Flor. Beleeue me, *Pan*, not all thy lambes and yoes,
 Nor, *Faunus*, all thy lustie buckes and does,
 (But that I am instructed well to knowe,
 What seruice to the hills and dales I owe,)
 Could haue enforcet me to so straunge a toyle,
 Thus to enrich this gaudie gallant soyle.
Faun. But tell me wench hast don't so trick in deede,
 That heauen it selfe may wonder at the deede.
Flor. Not *Iris* in her pride and brauerie,
 Adornes her arche with fuch varietie: 90
 Nor doth the milke white way in frostie night,
 Appeare so faire and beautifull in sight:
 As done these fieldes, and groues, and sweetest bowres,
 Bestrewed and deckt with partie collord flowers.
 Alonge the bubling brookes & siluer glyde,
 That at the bottome doth in fylence flyde,
 The waterie flowers and lillies on the bankes,
 Like blazing cometes burgen all in rankes:
 Vnder the *Hathorne* and the *Poplar* tree,
 Where sacred *Phæbe* may delight to be: 100
 The *Primeroſe* and the purple *Hyacinthe*,
 The dayntie *Violet* and the holsome *Minthe*:

The Araynement

The dooble *Daisie*, and the *Couflip* queene
Of sommer floures, do ouer peere the greene:
And rounde about the valley as ye passe,
Yee may ne see for peeping flowers the graffe:
That well the mightie *Iuno* and the rest,
May boldlie thinke to be a welcome guest
On *Ida* hills, when to approue the thing,
The queene of flowers prepares a second spring.

110

Sil. Thou gentle Nympe, what thanks shall we repaie
To thee, that makest our fieldes and woodes so gaie?

Flo. *Siluanus*, when it is thy hap to see,
My workmanship, in portraying all the three,
First stately *Iuno* with her porte and grace,
Her roobes, her lawnes, her crounet and her mace:
Would make thee muse this picture to beholde,
Of yellow Oxstips bright as burnisht golde.

Pom. A rare deuice, and *Flora*, well perdie,
Did painte her yellow for her iellozie.

120

Flo. *Pallas* in flowers of hue and collowers red,
Her plumes, her helme, her launce, her *Gorgons* head,
Her trayling tresses that hang flaring rounde,
Of *Iulie-flowers* so grafted in the grounde,
That trust me Sirs, who did the cunning see,
Would at a blush suppose it to be shee.

Pan. Good *Flora*, by my flocke twere verie good,
To dight her all in red resembling blood.

Flo. Faire *Venus* of sweete Violets in blue.

130

With other flowers infixt for chaunge of hue,
Her plumes, her pendants, bracelets and her ringes,
Her dayntie fan and twentie other things:
Her lustie mantle wauing in the winde,
And euerie part in collar and in kinde:
And for her wreath of rofes she nil dare,
With *Floras* cunning counterfet compare.
So that what lyuing whight shall chaunce to see,
These goddeffes, eche placed in her degree,
Portrayed by *Floraes* workmanshipe alone,
Must say that Arte and nature met in one.

140

A dain-

of Paris.

- Sil.* A deitie draught to lay her downe in blue,
The collour commonlie betokening true.
- Flo.* This peece of worke compact with many a flowre,
And well layde in at entraunce of the bowre,
Where *Phæbe* meanes to make this meeting royall,
Haue I prepared to welcome them withall.
- Pam.* And are they yet difmounted, *Flora*, saie:
That we may wende to meete them one the way.
- Flo.* That shall not neede: they are at hand by this,
And the conductor of the trayne hight *Rhanis*. 150
Iuno hath left her chariot longe agoe,
And hath returned her Peacocks by her rainebowe.
And brauelie as becommes the wife of *Ioue*,
Doth honour by her prefence to our groue.
Faire *Venus* shee hath let her sparrowes flie,
To tende on her and make her melodie:
Her turtles and her swannes vnyoked bee,
And flicker neere her side for companie.
Pallas hath set her Tygers loose to feede,
Commaunding them to waite when shee hath neede. 160
And Hitherward with proude and statelie pace,
To doe vs honor in the Siluan chace
They marche, like to the pompe of heauen aboue,
Iuno the wife and sister of king *Ioue*,
The warlicke *Pallas*, and the Queene of loue.
- Pan.* Pipe *Pan* for ioy and let thy sheepeherdes sing,
Shall neuer age forget this memorable thing.
- Flo.* *Clio* the sagest of the sisters nine,
To do obseruaunce to this dame deuine, 170
Ladie of learning and of chyualrie,
Is here aryued in faire assemblie,
And wandring vp and downe th'unbeaten wayes,
Ringe through the wood sweete songes of *Pallas* prayse.
- Pom.* Harke *Flora*, *Faunus*, here is melodie,
A charme of birdes and more then ordinarie.
- An artificiall charme of birdes being harde within, Pan speaks.*
- Pan.* The fillie birdes make mirth, then shoulde we doe them wronge,
Pomona, if we nil bestowe an *Eccho* to their songe.

The Araygnement

An Eccho to their song.

The songe. A quier within and without.

180

Gods. O *Ida*, o *Ida*, o *Ida* happie hill,
This honour done to *Ida* may it continue still.

Mus. Yee countrie gods, that in this *Ida* wonne,
Bring downe your giftes of welcome:
For honor done to *Ida*.

Gods. Beholde in signe of ioye we sing,
And signes of ioyfull wel-come bring.
For honor done to *Ida*.

Mus. The *Muses* giue you melodie to gratulate this chaunce,
And *Phœbe* cheife of filuan chace commaundes you all to daunce. 190

Gods. The roude in a circle our sportance must must be,
dañce. Holde handes in a hornepype all gallant in glee.

Mus. Reuerence, reuerence, most humble reuerence.

Gods. Most humble reuerence.

ACT. I. SCENA. IIII.

Pallas, Iuno, and Venus enter, Rhanis leading the way, Pan alone sings.

The songe.

*The God of sheepebeardes and his mates,
With countrie chere salutes your states:
Faire, wise, and worthie as you bee,
And thanke the gracious Ladies three,
For honour done to Ida. The birdes singe.*

200

The songe being done, Iuno speakes.

Iuno. Venus, what shall I saie, for though I be a dame deuine,
This welcome and this melodie exceedes these wittes of mine.

Ven. Beleeue me, *Iuno*, as I hight thee foueraigne of Loue,
These rare delights in pleasures passe the banquets of king *Ioue*.

Pall. Then, *Venus*, I conclude, it easie may be seene,
That in her chaste and pleasaunt walkes fayre *Phœbe* is a Queene.

Rha. Diuine *Pallas*, and you sacred dames, 210
Iuno and *Venus*, honoured by your names:
Iuno, the wife and sister of kinge *Ioue*,
Faire *Venus*, Ladie president of loue:

If

of Paris.

If any, entertaynment in this place,
That can afford but homely, rude and base,
It please your godheads to accept in gree,
That gracious thought our happinesse shalbe.
My mistresse *Dian*, this right well I know,
For loue that to this presence shee doth owe,
Accountes more honoure done to her this day,
Then euer whilom in these woods of *Ida*.
And for our countrey gods, I dare bee bolde,
They make such cheere, your presence to beholde,
Such iouysaunce, such myrth and merriment,
As nothing els their minde might more content :
And that you doe beleue it to bee so,
Fayre goddeffes, your louely lookes doe showe.
It rests in fine, for to confirme my talke,
Yee dayne to passe alonge to *Dians* walke :
Where shee amonge her troupe of maydes attends
The fayre aryuall of her vvelcome friends.

220

230

Flora. And vvee vwill vwayte vwith all obseruance due,
And doe iust honour to this heavenly crue.

Pan. The god of sheeheardes, *Iuno*, ere thou goe,
Intends a lambe on thee for to bestowve.

Faun. *Faunus*, high raunger in *Dianas* chace,
Presents a favne to lady *Venus* grace.

Sylu. *Sylvanus* giues to *Pallas* deitye,
This gallant bove raught from the Oken tree.

Pom. To them that doth this honour to our fieldes,
Her mellovve apples poore *Pomona* yeildes.

Iuno. And gentle gods, these signes of your goodwill
Wee take in vworth, and shall accept them still.

Ven. And *Flora*, this to thee amonge the rest,
Thy vworkmanship comparinge vwith the best,
Let it suffice thy cunninge to haue,
To call kinge *Ioue* from forth his heavenly boovre :
Hadst thou a louer, *Flora*, credit mee,
I thinke thou vvouldst beedecke him gallantly.
But vvende vve on, and, *Rhanis*, leade the vway,
That kens the paynted pathes of pleafunt *Ida*.

240

250

Exeunt omnes.

B.

ACT.

The Araynement

ACT. I SCENA V. & ultima.

Act I
sc. ii

Paris and Oenone.

Par. *Oenone*, while we bin disposed to walke,
Tell me what shall be subiect of our talke:
Thou hast a forte of pretie tales in stoore,
Dare saye no Nymphe in *Ida* woods hath more:
Againe, beside thy sweete alluring face,
In telling them thou hast a speciall grace.
Then preethee sweete, afforde some pretie thing,
Some toie that from thy pleasaunt witte doth springe.

269

Oen. *Paris*, my hartes contentment, and my choice,
Use thou thy pype, and I will use my voyce,
So shall thy iust request not be denyed.
And time well spent and both be satisfied.

Par. Well gentle Nymphe although thou do me wrong,
That can ne tune my pype vnto a songe,
Me list this once, *Oenone*, for thy sake,
This idle taske on me to vndertake.

270

They sit vnder a tree together.

Oen. And whereon then shall be my *Roundelay*:
For thou hast harde my stoore long since, dare say,

Fabu- How *Saturne* did deuide his kingdome tho,

la. 1. To *Ioue*, to *Neptune*, and to *Dis* below.

2 How mightie men made foule succesles warre,
Against the gods and state of *Iupiter*:

3 How *Phorcias* ympe that was so tricke and fayre,
Thattangled *Neptune* in her golden haire,
Became a *Gorgon* for her lewde misdeede,
A pretie fable *Paris* for to reade,

280

A peece of cunnig trust me for the nonce,
That wealth and beautie alter men to stoones.

4 Howe *Salmacis* resembling ydlenes,
Turnes men to women all through wantonnes.

5 How *Pluto* raught Queene *Ceres* daughter thence,
And what did followe of that loue offence.

Of

of Paris.

- 6 Of *Daphne* turned into the laurell tree,
That shewes a myrror of virginitie.
- 7 How faire *Narcissus* tooting on his shade, 290
Reproues disdayne, and tells how forme doth vade.
- 8 How cunning *Philomelaes* needle tells,
What force in loue, what wit in sorrow dwelles.
9. What paynes vnhappy foules abyde in hell,
They say becaufe on earth they liued not well.
- 10 *Ixions* wheele, proude *Tantals* pyning woe.
- 11 *Prometheus* torment, and a many moe.
- 12 How *Danaus* daughters plie their endles taske.
- 13 What toyle the toyle of *Sysiphus* doth aske.
All these are olde and knowne I knowe, yet if thou wilt haue anie, 300
Chuse some of these, for trust me else *Oenone* hath not manie.
- Par.* Nay what thou wilt: but sith my cunning not compares with thine,
Beginne some Toy, that I can play vpon this pipe of mine.
- Oen.* There is a pretie sonnet then, we call it *Cupids* curse: (worfe.
They that do chaunge olde loue for new, pray gods they chaunge for
The note is fine and quicke withall, the dittie will agree,
Paris, With that same vowe of thine vpon our Poplar tree.
- Par.* No better thing, beginne it then, *Oenone* thou shalt see
Our musicke, figure of the loue that growes twixt thee and me.

They sing: and while Oenone singeth, he pypeth.

310

*Incipit Oenone. Faire and fayre and twise so faire,
As fayre as any may be:*

*Oenone. The fayrest sheepeherd on our grene,
A loue for anie Ladie.*

*Paris. Faire and faire and twise so fayre,
As fayre as anie may bee:
Thy loue is fayre for thee alone,
And for no other Ladie.*

*Oenone. My loue is faire, my loue is gaie,
As fresh as bine the flowers in May,
B ij*

320

And

The Araygnement

*And of my loue my roundylaye,
My merrie merrie merrie roundelaie
Concludes with Cupids curse:
They that do chaunge olde loue for newe,
Pray Gods they chaunge for worse.*

Ambo simul.

Oenone.

Paris.

Oenone.

They that do chaunge, &c.

Faire and faire, &c.

Faire and faire, &c. Thy loue is faire &c.

My loue can pype, my loue can sing,

My loue can manie a pretie thing,

330

And of his louelie prayses ring

My merry merry roundelays: Amen to Cupids curse:

They that do chaunge, &c.

Paris.

They that do chaunge, &c.

Ambo.

Faire and fayre, &c.

Finis Camænæ.

The songe being ended they rise, and Oenone speaks.

Oen. Swete sheepeherd, for *Oenones* sake be cunning in this songe,
And kepe thy loue, and loue thy choice, or else thou doest her wrong.

Par. My vowe is made and witnesed, the *Poplar* will not starte,
Nor shall the nymphe *Oenones* loue from forth my breathing hart. 340
I will goe bring the one thy way, my flocke are here behinde,
And I will haue a louters fee: they faie, vnkist, vnkinde.

Exeunt ambo.

ACT. II. SCENA I.

*Act II
sc. i*

Venus, Iuno, Pallas.

Ven. ex But pray you tell me, *Iuno*, was it so,
abrupto. As *Pallas* tolde me here the tale of *Eccho*.

Iun. Shee was a nympe indeede, as *Pallas* tels,
A walker, such as in these thickets dwells:
And as shee tolde what subtill iugling pranks
Shee playde with *Iuno*, so she tolde her thanks: 350
A tatling trull to come at euerie call,
And now foresooth nor tongue nor life at all.

And

of Paris.

And though perhaps shee was a helpe to *Ioue*,
 And held me chat, while he might court his loue :
 Beleeue me, dames, I am of this opinion,
 He tooke but little pleasure in the minion.
 And what so ere his scapes haue bene beside,
 Dare saie for him a neuer strayed so wyde :
 Alouely nutbrowne lasse, or lustie trull,

360

Have power perhaps to make a god a bull.

Ven. Gramercie gentle *Iuno* for that iest,
 Ifaith that item was worth all the rest.

Pal. No matter, *Venus*, how so ere you skorne,
 My father *Ioue* at that time ware the horne.

Iun. Had euerie wanton god aboue, *Venus*, not better lucke,
 Then heauen would be a pleasaunt parcke, & *Mars* a lustie bucke.

Ven. Tut *Mars* hath hornes to butte withall although no bull a shoves,
 A neuer needes to maske in nets, a feares no iellous froes.

Iun. Forsooth the better is his turne, for if a speake to loude,
 Must finde some shifte to shadowe him, a net, or else a cloude.

370

Pal. No more of this, fayre goddeffes, vnrip not so your flames,
 To stand all naked to the world, that bene such heavenly dames.

Iun. Nay, *Pallas*, that's a common tricke with *Venus* well we knowe,
 And all the Gods in heauen haue seene her naked, long agoe.

Ven. And then she was so faire and bright, and louelie and so trim,
 As *Mars* is but for *Venus* tooth, and shee will sporte with him.
 And but me list not here to make comparifon with *Ioue*,
Mars is no raunger, *Iuno*, he in euerie open groue.

Pal. To much of this: we wander farre, the skies begine to skowle,
 Retire we to *Dianas* bowre, the weather will be foule.

380

*The storme being past of thunder & lightning, & Ate hauing trüddled the
 ball into place, crying Fatum Troie, Iuno taketh the bal vp & speaketh.*

Iun. *Pallas*, the storme is past and gon, and *Phæbus* cleares the skies,
 And loe, beholde a ball of golde, a faire and worthie prize.

Ven. This posie wils, the apple to the fayrest giuen be,
 Then is it mine: for *Venus* hight the fayrest of the three.

Pal. The fayrest here as fayre is ment, am I, ye do me wronge:
 And if the fayrest haue it must, to me it doth belong.

Iun. Then *Iuno* may it not enioy, so euery one faves no,
 But I will proue my selfe the fayrest, er I lose it so.

390

The Araygnment

The breyfe is this, *Detur Pulcherrimæ.*

Let this vnto the fayrest giuen bee,

The fayrest of the three, and I am shee.

Detur Pulcherrimæ. Let this vnto the fayrest giuen be, *Pallas*

The fayrest of the three, and I am shee. *reades.*

Detur Pulcherrimæ. Let this vnto the fayrest giuen bee *Venus*

The fayrest of the thre, and I am shee. *reades.*

Iun. My face is fayre, but yet the maistye

That all the gods in heauen haue seene in me,

Haue made them chuse me of the *Planetes seauen,*

To bee the wyfe of *Ioue*, and Queene of heauen.

Yf then this prize be but bequeathed to beautye,

The only shee that wins this prize, am I.

Ven. That *Venus* is the fayrest, this dothe proue,

That *Venus* is the louely Queen of loue.

The name of *Venus* is in deede but bautye,

And men me fayrest call, per excellencye.

Yf then this prize be but bequeathed to beautye,

The only shee that wins this prize, am I.

Pall. To stand on tearmes of beautye as yow take it,

Beeleue me, Ladies, is but to mystake it:

The beautye that this subtil prize must vvin,

No outwarde beautye highte, but dwels vvithin.

And syfte it as yovv please, and yovv shall finde,

This beautye, is the beautye of the minde.

This fayrenes, Vertue highte, in generall,

That many braunches hathe in speciall:

This beauty vvyfsdom hight, vvhereof am I,

By heauen appointed, goddesse vvorthelye.

And looke hovv muche the minde, the better parte,

Doth ouerpasse the bodye in deserte:

So much the mistris of those guyfts devine,

Excells thy beautie, and that state of thine.

Then yf this prize bee thus bequeathed to beautye,

The only shee that vwins this prize, am I.

Ven. Nay, *Pallas*, by your leaue, yovv vvander cleane,

Wee must not conster heereof as yovv meane:

But take the sence as it is plainly ment,

•• They reade
the posie.

400

410

420

and

of Paris.

And let the fayrest hate, I am content.

430

Pal. Our reasons wilbe infinite, I trowe,
Vnles vnto some other point we grow.
For first heres none mee thinkes disposed to yeelde,
And none but will with wordes maintaine the fiede.

Iun. Then if you will to auoyde a tedious grudge,
Refer it to the sentence of a iudge,
Who ere he be that commeth next in place,
Let him bestowe the ball, and ende the case.

Ven. So can it not go wronge with me not at al.

Pal. I am agreed how euer it befall.

440

And yet by common doome, so may it bee,
I may be sayde the fayrest of the three.

Iun. Then yonder loe that sheepeherde swaine is he,
That must be vmpier in this controuersie.

ACT. II. SCENA II.

Paris alone. Manentibus Pal. Iunone, Venere.

Ven. *Iuno*, in happie time, I do accept the man,
It seemeth by his lookes, some skill of loue he can.

Par. The nympe is gone, and I all solitarie,
Must wend to tend my charge, opprest with melancholy.
This day (or else me fayles my sheepeherdes skill)
Will tide me pasing good, or pasing ill.

450

Iun. Sheepeherd, abash not, though, at sudden thus,
Thou be aryued by ignorance among vs,
Not earthlie but deuine, and goddeffes all three,
Iuno, Pallas, Venus, these our titles be.

Nor feare to speake, for reuerence of the place,
Chosen to ende a harde and doubtfull case.

This apple loe (nor aske thou whence it came)
Is to be giuen vnto the fayrest dame.

460

And fayrest is, nor thee, nor shee, but shee,
Whom, sheepeherd, thou shalt fayrest name to be.
This is thy charge, fulfill without offence,
And shee that winnes shall giue thee recompence.

Pal. Dreade not to speake for we haue chosen thee,
Sith in this case, we can no iudges be.

Ven. And, sheepeherd, say that I the fayrest ame,
And thou shalt win good guerdon for the same.

Iun.

The Araygnment

Iun. Nay, shepherde, looke vppon my stately grace,
Because the pompe that longs to *Iuno*s mace, 470
Théy mayst not see: and thincke Queene *Iuno*s name,
To vvhome olde shepherds title wvorkes of fame,
Is mightye, and may easly suffize,
At Phebus hande to gaine a golden prize.
And for thy meede, sythe I ame Queene of riches,
Shepherde, I vwill revvarde thee vwith greate monarchies,
Empires, and kingdomes, heapes of maffye golde,
Scepters and diadems, curious to beholde,
Riche robes, of sumpteous vworkmanship and cost,
And thovvland thinges vvhvhereof I make no boast 480
The moulde vvhvhereon thovv treadest shall be of *Tagus* sandes,
And *Xanthus* shall runne liquid golde for the to vvashe thy handes:
And yf thou lyke to tend thy flock, and not from them to flie,
Their fleeces shalbe curled gold to please their masters eye.
And last, to sett thy harte one fire, gyue this one fruite to me,
And, shepherd, lo this Tree of Golde vwill I bestovve on thee.

I V N O E S S H O W E.

Heereuppon did rise a Tree of gold laden with Diadems & Crownes of golde.

The grovnde vvhvhereon it groes, the grasse, the roote of golde,
The body and the bark of golde, all gliftringe to beholde, 490
The leaves of burnysht golde, the frutes that thereon grove
Are diadems sett vwith pearle in golde in gorgeous gliftringe shovve:
And yf this Tree of Golde, in lue may not suffize,
Require a grove of golden trees, so *Iuno* beare the prize.

The Tree sinketh.

Pall. Me lyst not tempt thee vwith decayinge vvealthe,
Which is embasēt by vwant of lusty healthe:
But yf thou haue a minde to fly aboue,
Ycrowned vwith fame neere to the seate of *Ioue*:
Yf thou aspire to vvyldomes vworthines, 500
Whereof thovv mayst not see the brightnes
Yf thou desyre honor of chyualrye,
To bee renouned for happy victorie,
To fighte it out, and in the champaine feilde,
To shrovvde thee vnder pallas vvarlike sheilde,
To prounce on barbed steedes, this honor loe,

of Paris.

My selfe for guerdon shall on thee bestowe.
 And for encouragement, that thou mayst see,
 What famous knightes dame *Pallas* warriors be,
 Beholde in *Pallas* honour here they come,
 Marching alonge with founde of thundring drom.

510

PALLAS SHOW.

*Hereuppon did enter. 9. knights in armour, treading a warlike Almaine,
 by drome and fife, & then hauing march't foorth againe, Venus speaketh.*

Ven. Come sheepeherde, come, sweete sheepeherde looke on me,
 These bene to hoat alarams these for thee:
 But if thou wilt giue mee the golden ball,
Cupide my boy shall hate to playe withall,
 That when so ere this apple he shall see,
 The god of loue himselfe shall thinke on the,
 And bid thee looke and chuse, and he will wounde,
 Wherefo thy fancyes object shalbe founde,
 And lightlie when he shootes he doth not misse:
 And I will giue the many a louelie kyffe,
 And come and play with thee on *Ida* here,
 And if thou wilt a face that hath no peere,
 A gallant girle, a lustie minion trull,
 That can giue sporte to thee thy bellyfull,
 To rauish all thy beating vaines with ioye,
 Here is a lasse of *Venus* court, my boy,

520

Helen entreth with 4. Cupides.

530

Here gentle sheepeherde, heres for thee a peece,
 The fayrest face, the flower of gallant *Greece*.

VENVS SHOW.

*Here Helen entreth in her brauerie, with 4. Cupides attending on her, each
 hauing his fan in his hande to fan fresh ayre in her face. Shee singeth as followeth.*

*SI Diana nel cielo è vna stella
 Chiara, è lucente piena di splendore
 Che porge luc' all' affanato cuore:
 Si Diana, nel ferno è vna dea,
 Che da conforto all' anime dannate,
 Che per amor son morte desperate:*

540

C

Si

The Araygnement

*Si Diana ch' in terra è delle nimphe
Reina, imperatiue di dolce fiori
Tra bosch'e Selue da morte a pastori.
Io son vn Diana dolce e rara
Chle con Le guardi Io posso far guerra
A Dian' infern'in cielo, et in terra. Exit.*

The song being ended Helen departeth, & Paris Speaketh

Par. Most heavenly dames, was never man as I
Poore shepherd swaine, so happy and vnhappy:
The least of these delights, that you deuysed,
Able to wrape and dazle humane eyes.
But since my silence may not pardoned bee,
And I appoint which is the fayrest thee,
Pardon, most sacred dames, fythe one not all,
By *Paris* doome must haue this golden ball.
Thy beautye, stately *Iuno*, dame deuine,
That lyke to *Phæbus* golden beames doth shine,
Approues it selfe to bee most excellent,
But that fayre face that dothe me most content,
Sythe fayre, faire dames, is neyther thee nor shee,
But shee whome I shall fairest deeme to bee.
That face is hers that hight the Queene of Loue,
whose sweetenes dothe bothe gods and creatours moue.

550

560

He giueth the golden Ball to venus.

And if the fayrest face deserue the ball,
Fayre *Venus*, Ladyes, beares it from yee all.
Ven. And in this ball dothe *Venus* more delight,
Then in her louely boy faire *Cupids* fight.
Come shepherd comme, sweete *Venus* is thy frend,
No matter how thou other gods offend.

570

Venus taketh paris with her.

Exeunt.

Iun. But he shall rue, and ban the dismal day
wherein his *Venus* bare the ball away:
And heauen and earth iust wittnesse shall bee,
I will reuenge it on his progenye.

Pal. well *Iuno*, whether wee bee leysed or lothe,
Venus hath got the apple from vs bothe.

Exeunt Ambo Act. 580

of Paris.

ACT. III. SCENA. I.

Act III
sc. i

Colin then a mored sheepeherd singeth his passion of loue.

The songe.

*O gentle loue, vngentle for thy deede,
Thou makest my harte
A bloodie marke
VVith pearcyng shot to bleede.
Shoote softe sweete loue, for feare thou shoote amysse,
For feare too keene
Thy arrowes beene,
And hit the harte, where my beloued is.
To faire that fortune were, nor neuer I
Shalbe so blest
Among the rest
That loue shall ceaze on her by simpathye.
Then since with loue my prayers beare no boot,
This doth remayne
To cease my payne,
I take the wounde, and dye at Venus foote.*

590

Exit Colin.

600

ACT. III. SCENA. II.

Hobinol, Digon, Thenot.

- Hob.* Poore *Colin* wofull man, thy life forespoke by loue,
What vncouth fit, what maladie is this, that thou dost proue.
Dig. Or loue is voide of phisicke cleane, or loues our common wracke,
That giues vs bane to bring vs lowe, and let vs medicine lacke.
Hob. That euer loue had reuerence 'mong fillie sheepeheed swaines,
Belike that humor hurtes thẽ most that most might be their paines.
The. *Hobin*, it is some other god that cheerisheth her sheepe,
For sure this loue doth nothing else but make our herdmen weepe. 610
Dig. And what a hap is this I praye, when all our woods reioyce,
For *Colin* thus to be denyed his yong and louely choice.
The. She hight in deede so fresh and faire that well it is for thee,

C ij

Colin

The Araygnement

- Colin* and kinde hath bene thy friende, that *Cupid* could not see.
Hob. And whether wendes yon thriueles fwaine, like to the striken deere,
Seekes he *Dictamum* for his wounde within our forrest here. (wonne,
Dig. He wendes to greete the Queene of loue, that in these woods doth
With mirthles layes to make complaint to *Venus* of her sonne.
The. A *Colin* thou art all deceiued, shee dallyes with the boy,
And winckes at all his wanton pranks, and thinkes thy loue a toy. 620
Hob. Then leaue him to his luckles loue, let him abide his fate,
The fore is ranckled all to farre, our comforte coms to late.
Dig. Though *Thestylis* the Scorpion be that breakes his sweete, assault,
Yet will *Rhamnusia* vengeance take, on her disdainefull fault.
The. Lo yonder comes the louely Nympe, that in these *Ida* vales,
Playes with *Amintas* lustie boie, and coyces him in the dales.
Hob. *Thenot*, me thinks her cheere is chāged, her mirthfull lookes are layd,
She frolicks not: pray god the lad haue not beguide the mayde.

ACT. III. SCENA. III.

Oenone entreteth with a wreath of poplar on her heade. *Manent Pastores.* 630

- Oen.* Beguide, disdayned, and out of loue: liue longe thou *Poplar-tree*,
And let thy letters growe in length, to witnes this with mee.
A *Venus*, but for reuerence, vnto thy sacred name,
To steale a fyilly maydens loue, I might account it blame.
And if the tales be true I heare, and blushe for to receite,
Thou dost me wrong to leaue the playnes, and dally out of fight.
Falsse *Paris*, this was not thy vow, when thou and I were one,
To raung & chaung old loue for new: but now those dayes be gone.
But I will finde the goddesse out, that shee thy vow may reade,
And fill these woods with my lamentes, for thy vnhappy deede. 640
Hob. So faire a face, so foule a thought to harbour in his brest, (rest.
Thy hope consum'd, poore Nympe, thy hap is worse then all the
Oen. A sheepeherdes, you bin full of wiles, & whet your wits on bookes,
And wrap poore maydes with pypes and songes, and sweete alluring
Dig. Mispeake not al, for his amisse, there bin that keepen flocks, (lookes.
That neuer chose but once, nor yet beguiled loue with mockes.
Oen. Falsse *Paris* he is none of those, his trothles doble deede,
Will hurte a many sheepeherds else that might go nigh to speede.
The. Poore *Colin*, that is ill for thee, that art as true in trust

of Paris

To thy fweete fmerte, as to his Nymphe *Paris* hath bin vniust. 650
Oen. A well is she hath *Colin* wonne, that nill no other loue:
And woo is me, my lucke is losse, my paynes no pytie mooue.
Hob. Farewell faire Nymphe, fith he must heale alone that gaue the wound.
There growes no herbe of such effect vpon dame natures ground.

Exeunt Pastores.

Manet Oenone. Mercu. entr. with Vulcans Cyclops.

Mer. Here is a Nymphe that sadlie fittes, and shee belike
Can tell some newes, *Pyracmon*, of the iolly fwaine we seeke.
Dare wage my winges the lasse doth loue, shee lookes so bleak & thin,
And tis for anger or for grieve: but I will talke beginne. moue, 660
Oen. Breake out poore harte, & make complaint the mountaine flocks to
What proude repulse & thanckles scorne thou hast receiued of loue.
Mer. Shee singeth, fires, be husht awhile.

Oenone singeth as shee sits.

OENONES COMPLAINT.

*Melponie, the muse of tragicke songes,
With moornefull tunes in stole of dismall hue,
Asist a sillie Nymphe to wayle her woe,
And leaue thy lustie companie behinde.*

*Thou luckles wreath, becomes not me to weare
The Poplar tree for triumphe of my loue.
Then as my ioye my pride of loue is lefte,
Be thou vncloathed of thy louelie greene.* 670

*And in thy leaues my fortune written bee,
And them some gentle winde let blowe abroade,
That all the worlde may see how false of loue,
False Paris hath to his Oenone bene.*

The songe ended, Oenone sitting still. Mercurie speaketh.

Mer. Good-day fayre mayde, werie belike with following of your game,
I with thee cunning at thy will, to spare or strike the fame. 680
Oen. I thanke you sir, my game is quick and rids a length of ground,
And yet I am deceaued or else a had a deadlie wounde.

Mer.

The Araygnement

- Mer.* Your hand perhaps did swarue awarie. *Oen.* or else it was my harte.
Mer. Then sure a plyed his fotemanfhip. *Oen.* a played a raunging parte.
Mer. You ſhould haue giuen a deeper woud. *Oen.* I could not that for pity.
Mer. You ſhould haue eyd him better thẽ. *Oen.* blind loue was not ſo witty.
Mer. why tell me, fweete, are you in loue. *Oen.* or would I were not ſo.
Mer. Yee meane becauſe a does ye wrong. *Oen.* perdie the more my woe.
Mer. Why meane ye loue, or him ye loued? *Oen.* wel may I meane thẽ both.
Mer. Is loue to blame? *Oen.* the queene of loue hath made him falſe his troth. 690
Mer. Meane ye indeede the queene of loue. *Oen.* euẽ wanton *Cupids* dame.
Mer. Why was thy loue ſo louely then? *Oen.* his beautie hight his ſhame,
 The faireſt ſheepeherde one our greene. *Mer.* is he a ſheepeherd thã.
Oen. And ſometime kept a bleating flock. *Mer.* enough, this is the man.
Mer. Where woons he thã? *Oen.* about theſe woods: far from the *Poplar tree*.
Mer. What *Poplar* meane ye? *Oen.* witnes of the vowes betwixt him & me.
 And come and wend a little way and you ſhall ſee his ſkill.
Mer. Sirs tarrie you. *Oen.* nay let them goe. *Mer.* nay not vnles you will.
 Stay Nymphe, and harke what I ſay of him thou blameſt ſo,
 And credit me, I haue a ſad diſcourſe to tell thee ere I go. 700
 Know then, my pretie mops, that I hight *Mercurie*,
 The meſſenger of heauen, and hether flie
 To ceaſe vpon the man whon thou doſt loue,
 To ſummon him before my father *Ioue*,
 To anſwere matter of great conſequence,
 And *Ioue* himſelfe will not be longe from hence.
Oen. Sweete *Mercurie*, and haue poore *Oenons* cryes,
 For *Paris* fault, ypeirceſt th'unpertiall ſkyes.
Mer. The ſame is he, that iolly ſheepeherdes ſwaine.
Oen. His flocke do graſe vpon *Auroras* plaine, 710
 The colour of his coate is luſtie greene,
 That would theſe eyes of mine had neuer ſeene,
 His tying curled hayre, his front of yvorie,
 Then had not I poore I bin vnhappye.
Mer. No maruell wench, although we cannot finde him,
 When all to late the queene of heauen doth minde him.
 But if thou wilt haue phyſicke for thy fore,
 Minde him who liſt, remember thou him no more:
 And find ſome other game, and get thee gon,
 For here will luſtie futers come anon, 720

of Paris.

To boat and lustie for thy dyeing vaine,
Such as were monte to make their futes in vaine.

Exit Merc. cum Cyclop.

Oen. I will goe fit and pyne vnder the *Poplar tree*,
And write my answere to his vow, that euerie eie may see.

Exit.

ACT. III. SCENA V.

Act III

sc. ii

Venus, Paris, and a companie of sheepeherdes.

Ven. Sheepeherdes, I am contente, for this sweete sheepeherdes fake,
A straunge reuenge vpon the maide and her disdaine to take. 730
Let *Colins* corps be brought in place, and burned in the plaine,
And let this be the verse. *The loue whom Thestylis hath slaine.*
And trust me I will chide my sone for parcialitie,
That gaue the swaine so deepe a wound, and let her scape him by.

Past. Alas that euer loue was blinde, to shoote so farre amisse.

Ven. *Cupid* my sonne was more to blame, the fault not mine, but his.

Pastores exeunt, Manent. Ven. cum Par.

Par. O madam, if your selfe would daine the handling of the bowe,
Albeit it be a taske, your selfe more skill, more iustice knowe.

Ven. Sweete sheepeherde, didst thou euer loue. *Par.* Lady, a little once. 740

Ven. And art thou changed? *Par.* faire queene of loue I loued not al attöce.

Ven. Well wanton, wert thou wounded so deepe as some haue ben,
It were a cunning cure to heale and ruffull to be seene.

Par. But tell me, gracious goddesse, for a starte and false offence,
Hath *Venus* or her sonne the power, at pleasure to dispence.

Ven. My boy, I will instruct thee in a peece of poetrie,
That happily erst thou hast not heard: in hel there is a tree,
Where once a day doe sleepe the soules of false foresworen louers,
With open hartes, and there aboute in swarmes the number houers
Of poore forsaken ghostes, whose winges from of this tree do beate 750
Round drops of fire *Phlegiton* to scorch false hartes with heate.
This payne did *Venus* and her sonne, entreate the prince of hell,
T'impöse to such as faithles were, to such as loued them well.
And therefore this, my louely boy, faire *Venus* doth aduise thee,
Be true and stedfast in thy loue, beware thou doe disguise thee.
For he that makes but loue a iest, when pleaseth him to starte,

Shall

The Araygnement

Shall feele thofe fyre vvater drops confume his faithles harte.

Par. Is *Venus* and her fonne fo full of iuftice and feuretyte.

Ven. Pittie it vveare that loue fhoulde not be lincked with indifferencie.

Hovve euer louers can exclaime for harde fuccesse in loue, 760

Truft me, fome more then cōmon caufe that painfull hap dothe moue.

And cupids bove is not alone his triumphe, but his rod,

Nor is he only but a boy : he hight a mighty god.

And they that do him reuerence, haue reason for the fame;

His shafts keepe heauē and earth in avve, and shape revvards for fhāe.

Par. And hathe he reason to mantayne vvhy Colin died for loue.

Ven. Yea reason good I vvarrant thee, in right it might beehoue.

Par. Then be the name of loue adored, his bowe is full of mighte,

His vvoundes are all but for defert, his lavves are all but right:

vvell for this once me lyft apply my speeches to thy fenfe, 770

And *Theftilis* fhall feele the paine for loutes fupposed offence.

The Shepherds bring in Collins Hearce finging.

VVelladay VVelladay: Poore Colin thow arte going to the grounde:

The loue whome Theftis hathe flaine,

Harde harte, faire face fraughre with difdaine:

Difdaine in loue a deadlie wounde.

VVounde her fwete loue fo deepe againe,

That shee may feele the dyeng paine

Of this unhappie Shepherds fwaine,

And dye for loue as Colin died. as Colin died. finis Camæna. 780

Ven. Shepherdes abyde, let Colins corps bee vvittnes of the paine

That *Theftilis* endures in loue, a plague for her dyfdaine.

Beholde the organ of our vvrathe, this rusty churle is hee,

She dotes on his yllfaured face, fo muche accurst is shee.

She fingeth an old songe called the woing of Colman.

A foule croked Churle enters, & Theftilis a faire lasse wooeth him.

he crabedly refuzeth her, and goethe out of place. She tarieth behinde.

Par. A poore unhappy *Theftilis*, vn timered is thy paine.

Ven. Her fortune not vn timered to his vvhome cruell thow haft flaine.

Theftilis singeth, & the Shepherds replie.

790
The

of Paris.

The *The straunge effects of my tormented harte,*
onge. VVhome cruell loue hathe wofull prisoner caughte,
VVhome cruel hate hathe into bondage broughte,
VVhome wit no way of safe escape hath taughte,
Enforce me say in wittnes of my smarte,
There is no paine to foule disdaine in hardy futes of loue.

Shep. There is no paine &c.

Theft. Cruell, farewell. Shep Cruell, farewell.

Theft. Moste cruell thow, of all that nature framed.

Shep. Moste creull &c.

Theft. To kill thy loue with thy disdaine.

Shep. To kill thy loue with thy disdaine.

Theft. Cruell disdaine soe liue thow named.

Shep. Cruell disdaine &c.

Theft. And let me dye of Iphis paine.

Shep. A life to good for thy disdaine.

Theft. Sithe this my stars to me allot,

And thow thy loue hast all forgot. Exit Theft.

Shep. And thou &c.

800

The shepherds carie out Colin.

The grace of this song is in the Shepherds Ecco to her verse.

810

Ven. Now shepherds, bury Colins corps, perfume his herce with flowers,
 And write what iustice *Venus* did amid these woods of yours.

How now, how cheeres my Louely boy, after this dump of loue.

Par. Such dumps, sweete Lady, as bin these are deadly dumps to proue.

Ven. Cease shepherde, these are other nues, after this melancholye. (*curie*
 My minde presumes some tempest toward vpon the speache of *Mer-*

ACT. III. SCENA. VI. Mercurye with Vulcans
Cyclops enter. Manentibus Ven. cum Par.

Mer. Faire lady *Venus*, let me pardoned bee
 That haue of longe bin wellbeloued of thee,

D.j.

820

yf

The Araygnement

Yf as my office bids, my felfe firft brings
To my fweete Madame thefe vnwellcome tydings.

Ven. What nues, what tydings, gentle *Mercurie*,
In midft of my delites to troble me.

Mer. At *Iuno*s fute, *Pallas* affifting her,
Sythe bothe did ioyne in fute to *Iupiter*,
Action is entred in the court of heauen,
And me, the fwyfteft of the *Planets* feauen,
With warant they haue thence defpachht away,
To apprehende and finde the man, they fay,
That gaue from them that felfefame ball of golde,
Which I prefume I do in place beeholde,
Which man, vnles my markes bee taken wyde,
Is hee that fyts fo neere thy gracious fyde.
This beinge fo, it refts he go from hence,
Before the gods to anfwere his offence.

830

Ven. What tale is this, dothe *Iuno* and her mate
Purfue this fhepherde with fuch deadly hate.
As what was then our generall agreement,
To ftande vnto they nil be nowe content.
Let *Iuno* iet, and *Pallas* play her parte,
What heere I haue, I woonne it by deferte:
And heauen and earthe fhall bothe confounded bee,
Ere wronge in this be donne to him or me.

840

Mer. This litle fruite, yf *Mercury* can fpell,
Will fende I feare a world of foules to hell.

Ven. What meane thefe *Ciclops*, *Mercurie*, is vulcan waxt fo fine,
To fende his *Chimnyfwepers* forth, to fetter any freinde of mine.
Abafhe not fhepherd at the thinge, my felfe thy baile wilbe,
He fhallbe prefent at the courte of *Ioue*, I warrant thee.

850

Mer. *Venus*, gyue me your pledge. *Venus*. my *Ceftone*, or my fan, or bothe.

Mer. Nay this fhall ferue: your worde to mee as fure as is your othe,
taketh At *Dianas* bowre: and Lady, yf my witt or pollycie
her fa. May profit him for *Venus* fake, let him make bolde with *Mercury*.

Ven. Sweete Paris, whereon doeft thou mufe? (Exit)

P r The angrye heauens for this fatall iar,
Name me the instrument of dire and deadly war.

Explicit. Actus Tertius. Exeunt Venus & Paris.

Vulcan

of Paris.

ACT. IIII. SCENA I.

ACT IV
SC. I

Vulcan following one of Dianas Nymphes.

Vul. Why nymphe, what need ye run so fast? what though but black I be 862
I haue more preetie knackes to please, then euerie eye doth see.
And though I goe not so vpright, and though I am a smythe,
To make me gracious you may haue some other thinge therewith.

ACT. IIII. SCENA II.

Bacchus, Vulcan, Nymphe.

Bac. Yee *Vulcane*, will yee so in deede: nay turne and tell him, trull,
He hath a myftresse of his owne to take his belly full.
Vulc. Why sir, if *Phæbes* dainty nymphes please lustie *Vulcans* tooth, 870
Why may not *Vulcan* treade awry, aswell as *Venus* dooth?
Nym. Ye shall not taynt your trothe for me: you wot it verie well,
All that be *Dians* maides are vowed to halter apples in hell.
Bac. Ifaith Ifaith, my gentle mops, but I do know a cast,
Leade apes who list, that we would helpe t'unhaltar them as fast.
Nym. Fy fy, your skill is wondrous great, had thought the god of wine,
Had tended but his tubbes and grapes, and not ben haulfe so fine.
Vul. Gramercie for that quirke, my girle. *Bac.* Thats one of dainties frupes.
Nym. I pray sir take't with all amisse, our cunning comes by lumps.
Vul. Sh'ath capt his aunswere in the Q. *Nym.* how sayes, a, has shee so? 880
Aswel as shee that kapt your head to keepe you warme below.
Vul. Yea then you will be curst I see. *Bac.* best let her euen alone.
Nym. Yea gentle gods, and finde some other stringe to harpe vpon.
Bac. Some other string, agreed I sayth, some other pretie thing,
Twere shame fayre maydes should idle be, how say you, wil ye sing.
Nym. Some roundes or merry roundy laies, we sing no other songes,
Your melancholick noates not to our countrie myrth belongses.
Vul. Here comes a crue will helpe vs trimme.

ACTVS IIII SCENA III.

Mercurie with the Cyclops.

890

Mer. Yea now our taske is done. gone.
Bac. Then merry *Mercurie* more then time, this rounde were well be-
They sing Hey Downe, downe, downe, &c.

D ij

The

The Araynement

The songe done, she windeth a horne in Vulcans eare & rinneth out.

Manent. Vulc. Bac. Mer. Cyclops.

Vul. A harlettrie I warrant her. *Bac.* a peeuissh eluifsh shroe.

Mer. Hauē seene as farre to come as neare, for all her raunging so.

But, *Bacchus*, time well spent I wot, our sacred father *Ioue*,
With *Phæbus* and the god of warre are met in *Dians* groue.

Vul. Then we are here before them yet, but stay the earth doth swell, 900
God *Neptune* to, (this hap is good) doth meete the prince of hell.

Pluto ascēdeth from below in his chaire. *Neptune* entreth at an other way.

Plut. What iarres are these, that call the gods of heauen and hell below.

Nep. It is a worke of wit and toyle to rule a lustie shroe.

ACT. IIII. SCENA. IIII.

*Enter Iupiter, Saturne, Apollo, Mars, Pluto, Neptune, Bacchus,
Vulcan, Mer. Iuno, Pallas, Diana, Cyclops.*

Iupiter speaketh.

Iup. Bring forth the man of *Troie* that he may heare,
Whereof he is to be araigned here. 910

Nep. Lo where a comes prepared to pleade his case,
vnder conduct of louely *Venus* grace.

Mer. I haue not seene a more alluring boy.

Apol. So beautie hight the wracke of *Priams* *Troy*.

*The gods being set in Dianaes bower : Inno, Pallas, Diana, Venus and
Paris stand on sides before them.*

Ven. Loe sacred *Ioue*, at *Iuno*es proude complaynte,
As erst I gaue my pledge to *Mercurie*,
I bring the man whom he did late attaint,
To aunswere his inditement orderlie : 920
And craue this grace of this immortall senate,
That yee allowe the man his aduocate.

Pal. That may not be, the lawes of heauen denie,
A man to pleade or answere by attorney.

Ven. *Pallas*, thy doome is all too peremptorie.

Apol. *Venus*, that fauour is denyed him flatlie,
He is a man and therefore by our lawes,

Of Paris.

Him selfe, without his ayd, must plead his cause.

Ven. Then baste not, sheepeherde, in so good a case,
And friendes thou hast as well as foes in place.

930

Iun. Why, *Mercurie*, why doe yee not indite him.

Ven. Softe gentle, *Iuno*, I pray you do not bite him.

Iun. Nay, gods, I troe you are like to haue great silence,
Vnles this parrot be commaunded hence.

Iou. • *Venus*, forbear, be still : speake, *Mercurie*.

Ven. If *Iuno* iangle, *Venus* will replie.

Mer. *Paris*, king *Priams* sonne, thou art araygned of parcialitie,
Of sentence partiall and vniust, for that without indifferencie,
Beyond desert or merit far, as thine accusers say,
From them, to Lady *Venus* here, thou gauest the pryze away.
What is thine answer?

940

Paris oration to the Councill of the gods.

Sacred and iust, thou great and dreadfull *Ioue*,
And you thrise reuerende powers, whom loue nor hate,
May wrest awry, if this to me a man,
This fortune fatall bee, that I must pleade,
For safe excusall of my giltles thought,
The honour more makes my mishap the lesse,
That I a man must pleade before the gods,
Gratious forbearers of the worldes amisse,
For her, whose beautie how it hath enticet,
This heavenly senate may with me auer.
But sith nor that, nor this may doe me boote,
And for my selfe, my selfe must speaker bee,
A mortall man, amidst this heauenlie presence :
Let me not shape a longe defence, to them,
That ben beholders of my giltles thoughtes.
Then for the deede, that I may not denie,
Wherein consists the full of myne offence,
I did vpon commaunde: if then I erde,
I did no more then to a man belong'd.
And if in verdit of their formes deuine,
My dazled eye did swarue or surfet more

950

960

The Arayngment

On *Venus* face, then anie face of theirs:
It was no partiall fault, but fault of his
Belike, whose eyfight not so perfect was,
As might decerne the brightnes of the rest.
And if it were permitted vnto men
(Ye gods) to parle with your secret thoughtes,
There ben that fit vpon that sacred feate,
That woulde with *Paris* erre in *Venus* prayfe.
But let me cease to speake of errour here:
Sith what my hande, the organ of my harte,
Did giue with good agreement of myne eye,
My tongue is voyde with proceffe to maintaine.

Plut. A iolly sheepeherde, wife and eloquent.

Par. First then arraign'de of parcialitie.

Paris replyes vnguiltie of the fact:

His reason is, because he knewe no more
Faire *Venus Ceston*, then dame *Iuno*s mace,
Nor neuer sawe wife *Pallas* cristall shielde.
Then as I looked I loued and likte attonce,
And as it was referd from them to me,
To giue the pryze to her, whose beautie best
My fancie did commend, so did I prayfe
And iudge as might my dazled eye decerne.

Nep. A peece of art, that, cunninglie pardie,
Refers the blame to weakenes of his eye.

Par. Now (for I must adde reason for my deede)
Why *Venus* rather pleased me of the three:

First, in the intrayles of my mortall eares,
The question standing vpon beauties blaze,
The name of her that height the queene of loue,
My thought in beautie should not be exceld.
Had it bene destyned to maiestie,
(Yet will I not rob *Venus* of her grace.)

Then stately *Iuno* might haue borne the ball.
Had it to wisedome bine entituled,
My humaine wit had giuen it *Pallas* then.
But sith vnto the fayrest of the three,
That power, that threw it for my farther ill,

970

980

990

1000

of Paris.

Did dedicate this ball: and safest durst
My sheepeherdes skill aduenture, as I thought,
To iudge of forme and beautie, rather then
Of *Iunos* state, or *Pallas* worthynes,
That learnd to ken the fayrest of the flocke,
And prayfed beautie but by natures ayme:
Behold to *Venus Paris* gaue this fruite,
A dayesman chosen there by full consent,
And heauenly powers should not repent their deedes.
Where it is sayde, beyonde desert of hers,
I honoured *Venus* with this golden prize:
(Yee gods) alas what can a mortall man
Decerne, betwixt the sacred guiftes of heauen.
Or, if I may with reuerence reason thus:
Suppose I gaue, and iudgd corruptly then,
For hope of that, that best did please my thought,
This apple not for beauties prayse alone:
I might offende, sithe I was pardoned,
And tempted, more then euer creature was,
With wealth, with beautie and with chiuallrie:
And so preferred beautie before them all,
The thing that hath enchaunted heauen it selfe.
And for the one, contentment is my wealth:
A shell of salte will serue a sheepeherde swayne,
A slender banquet in a homely skrip,
And water running from the siluer spring.
For armes, they dreade no foes that sit so lowe,
A thorne can keepe the wind from off my backe,
A sheepe-coate thatcht, a sheepeherdes pallas hight.
Of tragicke Muses sheepeherdes con no skill,
Enough is them, if *Cupid* ben displeased,
To sing his prayse on slender oten pipe.
And thus, thryse reuerend, haue I tolde my tale,
And craue the torment of my guiltles soule
To be measured by my faultles thought.
If warlicke *Pallas*, or the queene of heauen
Sue to reuerse my sentence by appeale,
Be it as please your maiesties deuine,

1010

1020

1030

The Araygnment

The wronge, the hurte not mine, if anie be,
But hers whose beautie claymed the prize of me.

Paris hauing ended, Iupiter speakeeb.

Iup. Venus, withdrawe your sheepeherde for a space,
Till he againe be called for into place.

Exeunt Venus & Paris.

Iuno, what will ye after this reply
But doome with sentence of indifferencie.
And if you will but iustice in the cause,
The man must quited be by heauens lawes.

Iun. Yea gentle *Ioue*, when *Iuno*s futes are mooued,
Then heauen may see how well shee is beloued.

Apol. But, Madam, fits it maiestie deuine,
In anie sorte from iustice to decline?

Pal. Whether the man be guiltie yea or noe,
That doth not hinder our appeale, I troe?

Iun. *Phæbus*, I wot, amid this heauenly crue,
There be that haue to say as well as you

Apol. And *Iuno*, I with them, and they with me,
In lawe and right, must needefully agree:

Pal. I graunt ye may agree, but be content
To doubt vpon regarde of your agreement.

Plu. And if yee markt, the man in his defence.
Saide thereof as a might with reuerence.

Vul. And did yee verie well I promise yee.

Iun. No doubt, fir, you could note it cunninglie.

Sat. Well, *Iuno*, if ye will appeale yee may,
But first dispatch the sheepeherde hence away.

Mar. Then *Vulcans* dame is like to haue the wronge.

Iun. And that in passion doth to *Mars* belonge.

Iup. Call *Venus* and the sheepeherde in againe.

Bac. And rid the man that he may knowe his payne.

Apol. His payne, his payne, his neuer dying payne,
A cause to make a many moe complaine.

Mercurie bringeth in Venus and Paris.

Iup. Sheepeherd, thou hast ben harde with equitie and law,
And for thy stars do thee to other calling drawe,
We here dismisfe thee hence, by order of our senate:

1040

1050

1060

1070

of Paris.

Goe take thy way to *Troie*, and there abide thy fate.

Ven. Sweete shepherde, with such luck in loue while thou dost liue,
As may the Queene of Loue to any *Louer* giue. 1080

Par. My lucke is losse howe ere my loue do speede,
I feare me *Paris* shall but rue his deede. *Paris exit.*

Apo. From *Ida* woods now wends the shepherds boye,
That in his bosome caries fire to *Troy*.

Iup. *Venus*, these Ladies do appeale yow see,
And that they may appeale the gods agree,
It resteth then that yow be well content
To stande in this vnto our finall indgment:
And if king *Priams* sonne did well in this,
The Lawe of heauen will not leade amysse. 1090

Ven. But, sacred *Iupiter*, might thy daughter chuse,
Shee might with reason this appeale refuse:
Yet, if they bee vnmoued in their shames,
Bee it a staينه and blemyshe to their names:
A deede to far vnworthy of the place,
Vnworthy *Pallas* Launce, or *Iuno*s mace:
And, if to beauty it bequeathed be, *She layeth Down*
I doubt not but it will returne to me. *the ball.*

Pall. *Venus*, there is no more adoe then foe,
It resteth where the gods doe it bestowe. 1100

Nep. But, Ladies, vnder fauour of your rage,
How ere it be, yow play vpon the vauntage.

Iup. Then dames, that wee more freely may debate,
And heere th'indifferent sentence of this fenate,
Withdrawe yow from this presence for a space,
Till wee haue thoughtly questioned of the case:
Dian shalbe your guyde, nor shall yow neede
Your selues t'enquire how things do heere succede,
Wee will, as wee resolute giue yow to knowe,
By generall doome, how euery thinge doth goe. 1110

Dia. Thy will, my wish, faire Ladies, will yee wende?

Iuno Beshrewe her whome this sentence doth offende.

Ven. Now *Ioue* be iust, and gods you that bee *Venus* freindes,
Yf yow haue ever donne her wronge, then may yow make amends.

Manent Dij. Exeunt Diana, Pallas, Iuno, Venus.

E

Venus

The Araygnement

- Iup.* *Venus* is faire, *Pallas* and *Iuno* toe.
- Vulc* But tell me now without some more adoe,
Who is the fairest thee, and do not flatter.
- Plu.* *Vulcan*, vppon comparifon hanges all the matter:
That donne the quarrell and the ftryfe were ended. 1120
- Mar* Becaufe tis knowne, the quarrell is pretended.
- Vul.* Mars, you haue reafon for your fpeeche perdie:
My dame (I troe) is faireft in your eye.
- Mar.* Or (*Vulcan*) I fhould do her doble wronge.
- Sat.* About a toy wee tary heere fo longe.
Gyue it by voices, voices giue the odds:
A trifle fo to to trouble all the gods.
- Nep.* Beleue me, *Saturne*, be it fo for me.
- Bac.* For me. *Pluto.* for me *Mars.* for me, yf *Ioue* agre.
- Mer.* And gentle gods, I am indifferent: 1130
But then I knowe whoofe lykely to be fhent.
- Ap.* Thryfe reuerend gods, and thow immortall *Ioue*.
Yf *Phæbus* may, as him doth much behoue,
Be licenfed, accordinge to our Lawes,
To fpeake vp rightly in this doubted caufe,
(Sythe womens witts woorke mens vnceafinge woes)
To make them freindes, that now bin frendles foes,
And peace to keepe with them, with vs, and all
That make their title to this golden ball:
(Nor thincke yee gods my fpeeche doth derogate 1140
From facred powre of this immortall fenate,)
Refer this fentence where it doth belonge,
In this fay I fayre *Phæbe* hathe the wronge.
Not that (I meane) her beautye beares the prize:
But that the holly Lawe of heauen denies,
One god to medle in an others powre.
And this befell fo neere *Dianas* bowre,
As for thappeazinge this vnplefant grudge,
(In my conceyte) thee hight the fitteft iudge.
Yf *Ioue* comptroll not *Plutoes* hell with charmes, 1150
Yf *Mars* haue fouraigne powre to manage armes:
Yf *Bacchus* beare no rule in *Neptune* fea
Nor *Vulcans* fire dothe *Saturnes* fythe obay:

of Paris.

Suppress not then, 'gainst lawe and equitie,
Dianas power in her owne territorie:
 Whose regiment, amid her sacred bowers,
 As proper height as anie rule of yours.
 Well may we so wipe all the speeche awaie,
 That *Pallas*, *Iuno*, *Venus* hath to say,
 And answer that by iustice of our lawes,
 We were not suffred to conclude the cause.
 And this to me most egall doome appeares,
 A woman to be iudge amonge her pheeres.

1160

Mer. *Apollo* hath founde out the onely meane,
 To rid the blame from vs and trouble cleane.

Vul. We are beholding to his sacred wit.

Iup. I can commend and well allow of it.
 And so deriue the matter from vs all,
 That *Dian* haue the giuing of the ball.

Vul. So *Ioue* may clearly excuse him in the case,
 Where *Iuno* else woulde chide and braule apace.

1170

All they rise and goe forth.

Mer. And now, it were some cunnnig to deuine,
 To whom *Diana* will this pryze resigne.

Vul. Suffizeth me, it shall be none of mine.

Bac. *Vulcan*, though thou be blacke, thart nothing fine.

Vul. Goe bathe thee, *Bacchus*, in a tub of wine,
 The balls as likely to be mine as thine.

Exeunt omnes: explicit. Act. 4.

ACT. V. *Œ ultimi, SCENA I.*

Act V
sc. i

Diana, Pallas, Iuno, Venus.

Dian. Lo, Ladyes, farre beyonde my hope and will, you see,
 This thankles office is imposd to me:
 Wherein if you will rest aswell content,
 As *Dian* wilbe iudge indifferent,
 My egall doome shall none of you offende,
 And of this quarrell make a finall ende:
 And therefore, whether you be liefe of loath,
 Confirme your promise with some sacred othe.

1182

Pal. *Phæbe*, chiefe Mistresse of this filuan chace,

1190

The Araygnment

Whom gods haue chofen to conclude the cafe,
That yet in ballance vndecyded lies.

Touching beftowing of this golden prize.
I giue my promife and mine othe withall,
By *Stix*, by heauens power imperiall,
By all that longes to *Pallas* deytie,
Her fhilde, her launce, enignes of chiuallrie,
Her facred wreath of *Oliue*, and of *Baye*,
Her crefted helme, and elfe what *Pallas* may,
That where fo ere this ball of pureft golde,
That chaft *Diana* here in hande doth holde,
Vnpartially her wifedome fhall beftowe,
Without milike or quarrell any moe,
Pallas fhall reft content and fatisfied,
And fay the beft defert doth there abide.

Iun. And here I promife and proteft withall,
By *Stix*, by heauens power imperiall,
By all that longes to *Iuno*s deitie,
Her crowne, her mace, enignes of maieftie:
Her spotles mariage-rites, her league diuine,
And by that holy name of *Proferpine*,
That wherefoere, this ball of pureft golde,
That chaft *Diana* here in hande doth holde,
Vnpartially her wifedome fhall beftowe,
Without milike or quarrell anie moe,
Iuno fhall reft content and fatisfied,
And fay the beft defert doth there abyde.

Ven. And louely *Phæbe*, for I knowe thy dome
Wilbe no other then fhall thee become,
Beholde I take thy daintie hande to kiffe,
And with my folemne othe confirme my promife,
By *Stix*, by *Ioues* immortall emperie,
By *Cupids* bowe, by *Venus* mirtle-tree,
By *Vulcans* gifte, my *Cefton*, and my fan,
By this red rofe, whose colour firft began,
When erft my wanton boy (the more his blame)
Did drawe his bowe awry and hurt his dame,
By all the honour and the facrifice,

1200

1210

1220

That

Of Paris.

That from *Cithæron* and from *Paphos* rise :

The conclu- } That wherefoere, &c. { vt supra.
sion aboue. } Venus shall rest, &c. }

1237

Diana hauing taken their othes speaketh.

Diana describeth the Nymphe Eliza a figure of the Queene.

Dian. It is enough, and goddeffes attende :

There wons within these pleasaunt shady woods,

• Where neither storme nor Suns distemperature

Haue power to hurte by cruell heate or colde,

Vnder the clymate of the milder heauen,

Where seldome lights *Ioues* angrie thunderbolt,

For fauour of that soueraygne earthly peere :

Where whyftling windes make musick 'mong the trees,

Far from disturbance of our countrie gods,

Amids the *Cypres* springes a gracious Nymphe,

That honour *Dian* for her chastitie,

And likes the labours well of *Phæbes* groues :

The place *Elizium* hight, and of the place,

Her name that gouernes there *Eliza* is,

A kingdome that may well compare with mine.

An auncient seat of kinges, a seconde *Troie*,

Ycompast rounde with a commodious sea :

Her people are ycleeped *Angeli*,

Or if I misse a lettre is the most.

She giueth lawes of iustice and of peace,

And on her heade as fits her fortune best,

She weares a wreath of laurell, golde, and palme :

Her robes of purple and of scarlet die,

Her vayle of white, as best befits a mayde.

Her auncestors liue in the house of fame,

Shee giueth armes of happie victorie,

And flowers to decke her lyons crowned with golde.

This peereles nymphe whom heauen and earth beloues,

This *Paragon*, this onely this is shee,

In whom do meete so manie giftes in one,

On whom our countrie gods so often gaze,

In honour of whose name the Muses singe.

In state Queene *Iunos* peere, for power in armes,

1240

1250

1260

The Araygnement

And vertues of the minde *Mineruaes* mate:

As fayre and louely as the queene of loue:

As chaste as *Dian* in her chaste desires.

The fame is shee, if *Phæbe* doe no wronge,

1270

To whom this ball in merit doth belonge.

Pal. If this be shee whom some *Zabeta* call,

To whom thy wifedome well bequeathes the ball

I can remember at her day of birthe,

Howe *Flora* with her flowers strewed the *Earth*,

How euerie power with heauenlie maiestie,

In person honored that solemnitie.

Iun. The louely graces were not farre away,

They threw their balme for triumph of the day.

Ven. The fates against their kinde beganne a cheerefull songe,

1280

And vowed her life with fauour to prolonge.

Then first gan *Cupids* eyficht wexen dim,

Belike *Elifas* beautie blinded him.

To this fayre Nymphe, not earthly but deuine:

Contents it me my honour to resigne.

Pal. To this fayre Queene so beautifull and wise,

Pallas bequeathes her title in the prize.

Iun. To her whom *Iuno*es lookes so well become,

The queene of heauen yeildes at *Phæbus* doome.

And glad I am *Diana* found the arte,

1290

Without offence so well to please desart.

Dian. Then marke my tale the visuall time is nie,

When wont the dames of life and destinie,

In robes of cheerfull collours to repayre,

To this renowned Queene so wise and fayre,

With pleasaunt songes this peereles nimphe to greete,

Clotbo layes downe her distaffe at her feete.

And *Lachesis* doth pull the threed at length,

The thirde with fauour giues it stufte and strength

And for contrarie kinde affordes her leaue,

1300

As her best likes her web of life to weaue

This time we will attend, and in the meane while

With some sweete songe the tediousnes beguile.

of Paris.

The Musicke sounde and the Nimphes within singe or solfa with voyces and instrumentes awhile. Then enter *Clotho*, *Lachesis* and *Atropos* singing as followeth: The state being in place.

The songe.

Cloth. *Humanæ vitæ filum sic voluere Parcæ.*

Lach. *Humanæ vitæ filum sic tendere Parcæ.*

1310

Atrop. *Humanæ vitæ filum sic scindere Parcæ.*

Cloth. *Clotho colum baiulat.* *Lach.* *Lachesis trahit.* *Atr.* *Atropos occat.*

Tres simul. *Vive diu felix votis hominūque deūmque:*

Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.

They lay downe their properties at the Queenes feete.

Cloth. *Clotho colum pedibus.*

Lach. *Lachesis tibi pendula fila.*

Atr. *Et fatale tuis manibus ferrum Atropos offert.*

Vive diu felix, &c.

The song being ended Clotho speakes to the Queene.

1320

Cloth. Gracious and wife, fayre Queene of rare renowne,
Whom heauen and earth beloues amynd thy trayne,
Noble and louely peeses: to honour thee
And doe thee fauour, more then may belong,
By natures lawe to any earthly wight,
Beholde continuance of our yearely due,
Th'unpartiall dames of destenie we meete,
As haue the gods and we agreed in one,
In reuerence of *Elizas* noble name,
And humblie loe her distaffe *Clotho* yeeldes.

1330

Lach. Her spindle *Lachesis* and her fatall reele,
Layes downe in reuerence at *Elizaas* feete.

Te tamen in terris vnam tria numina Diuam

Inuita statuunt naturæ lege sorores,

Et tibi non alijs didicerunt parcere Parcæ.

Atr. Dame *Atrops* according as her pheeres
To thee fayre Queene resignes her fatall knife:

The Araygnement

Liue longe the noble *Phœnix* of our age,
Our fayre *Eliza* our *Zabeta* fayre.

Dian. And loe beside this rare solemnitie,
And sacrifice these dames are wont to doe,
A fauour far in deed contrarie kinde,
Bequeathed is vnto thy worthynes,
Shée deliuereth the ball of golde to the Queenes owne hands.
This prize from heauen and heavenly goddeses,
Accept it then, thy due by *Dians* dome,
Praise of the wisedome, beautie and the state,
That best becomes thy peereles excellencie.

1340

Ven. So fayre *Eliza*, *Venus* doth resigne,
The honour of this honour to be thine.

1350

Iun. So is the queene of heauen content likewise,
To yelde to thee her title in the prize.

Pal. So *Pallas* yeeldes the prayse hereof to thee,
For wisedome, princely state, and peerelesse beautie.

EPILOGVS.

Omnes simul. { *Viue diu felix votis hominūmq; Deūmq;*
Corpore, mente, libro doctissima, candida, casta.

Exeunt omnes.



